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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1915.

That is a brawling household where poverty

and pride dwell together.

The Pilots and the Port

GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH has treated

the bills increasing the pilotage fees at

this port as the average citizen would

have treated them. He decided that, whatever

may be the merits of the controversy over

fees, the present is not an opportune time for

increasing the charges of ships that seek

this port. An attempt is making to increase

the number of ships coming here, and in the

present state of business the Governor thinks

that it would be unwise to put any obstacle,

even a slight one, in the way of the port

boomers. But he holds out the hope of

future relief to the pilots.

This is probably as wise a decision as it

was possible to make under the circum-

stances. Now, if the Governor will continue

to show his interest in port development by

using his influence in the General Assembly

to convince the legislators from the country

districts and from the western part of the

State that their prosperity is wrapped up

with the prosperity of this city, and that

every dollar which they appropriate for port

development here will come back to them a

hundred fold in improved demand for the

things which they produce, he will distinguish

his administration in a way that will make

it unique among the administrations that

have preceded it. To give it this distinction

he would not have to endorse the proposition

that in view of the fact that this is a great

inland port the Commonwealth itself should

employ a body of pilots to bring all ocean-

going ships up the Delaware without cost to

the shipowners.

Bibles "Made in Germany"

ARE the British Orders in Council to stop

trade in Bibles "made in Germany?"

This is not a foolish question, but a serious

proposition that is to be put up to Sir Ed-

ward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary.

American importers have bought \$50,000

worth of Bibles in Germany which they are

trying to get through the British blockade.

The steamship companies have refused to

carry them, as they fear they will be seized

as contraband, and Secretary Bryan has been

asked to intercede with the British Foreign

Office in behalf of the release of the books.

It is not always wise to indulge in prophecy,

but we are inclined to believe that Sir Ed-

ward will decide against the American im-

porters, on the irrelevant ground that owing

to the present state of German civilization

Germany needs not only all the Bibles that

it produces, but that use could be found for

a large supply from other countries. If Sir

Edward were asked to relax the blockade in

the interest of a cargo of Bibles billed to Ber-

lin he might consent, so prejudiced are the

British at the present time.

"I Deal Square"

THIS was the motto of a Chicago butcher

when he started in business years ago. He

died the other day, and it is the motto of

his will. He proved that he "dealt square"

by leaving to his divorced wife all but the

amount legally due his second wife as her

dower. He said that the first wife helped

him make his fortune, and that she was en-

titled to it when he was gone.

He was right. No disagreement between

them which led to their separation deprived

her of her moral claim to the estate which

had been accumulated with her assistance.

The case might have been different if she

had been merely a social butterfly, spending

his money for her own pleasure. But she

seems to have been a thrifty woman, who

knew the value of a dollar and the im-

portance of adding dollar to dollar until a

of expert accountants and optimistic wind-

jammers, all using automatic, ball-bearing,

self-oiling subtracting machines. And even

then it is doubtful if they can make \$133,-

000,000 look like \$26,000,000, or, adding the

canal expenditures, cause it to bear remote

stepisterly resemblance to \$48,000,000.

And if they try to reconcile the difference

by deciding that the income tax, paid in

June, will produce enough to make the Sim-

mons figures nearer correct than the Fitz-

gerald figures, they are likely to discover

that a lot of the people who are expected to

pay the tax have not had any income.

"Booze" at Work

THE liquor lobby at Harrisburg is confident,

even insolent in its assurances that it holds

the Legislature in the hollow of its hand.

It is not content with domination of the

Senate. In back rooms it flaunts its con-

quest of the House, ridicules the efforts of

the Governor to translate his campaign

pledges into statutes and laughs at the efforts

high-minded citizens are making to secure

ITALY'S KING LIKE GRANITE

Apparently Willing to Risk His Throne for Neutrality, With the Queen and the Country Both Against Him—A Royal Vow.

By VANCE THOMPSON

THE young man who has a kindly care for

my boots made me farewell. He is a bright-

eyed, white-toothed Italian; his ideas of

politics are simple in the extreme. Said he:

"I have a King, so I must go home and

fight for my country."

And gloomily he called to join his colors.

I might have told him that his theory of

Italian policy was all wrong; that had it not

been for his high-minded, hard-headed little

King Italy had been fighting long ago; but

what did it matter to him? He was sorry

to leave N' York. It had meant a great

deal to him in the way of money, which is

the root of life. It had meant property—

this shop-window in Broadway, with its hats

and boots and big room behind, with the ten

chairs and the host boy, and, in a niche

beyond, the cobbler. And he had to go

away from it all. What was worse was that

in coming back—were he ever to come—he

might find his prosperity gone and he who

built the house sit at the foot of the table.



goes to the Left—toward the grand old his-

tory party of the Republicans, and the ex-

treme Left of Bissolati and his Socialists.

Indeed, as Bertani said, the nation is only

"conditionally monarchical." Certain parts

of Italy are proudly Republican. Umbria,

Rome, Genoa, Lombardy, Tuscany, Venetia,

Fiedmont, are still largely faithful to the

Republican tradition handed down from the

mighty founders of modern Italy—those

hardy old Republicans, Mazzini, Garibaldi

and Cattaneo.

It is, to be sure, largely a middle class

party; but that is merely because the ar-

tisans and laboring men of the cities and

the fields have gone a step or two further

and are in the Socialist party. Are they

anti-monarchical? Both parties are. What

divides them are questions of civic and

economic policy. In fact, that is true of all

the various parties that make up the Left—Rad-

icals, Liberals, Republicans, Socialists. They

are divided by ideals. Old Crispi saw it

clearly when he said that monarchy stood

for union, while republicanism meant divi-

sion. It means just that, because in the divi-

sions and discussions of free men in a re-

public life and the possibility of growth—

not death.

THE ORDER IN COUNCIL

Varied Comment on Great Britain's Recent

Sea Order, Which Raises Old Questions

and New.

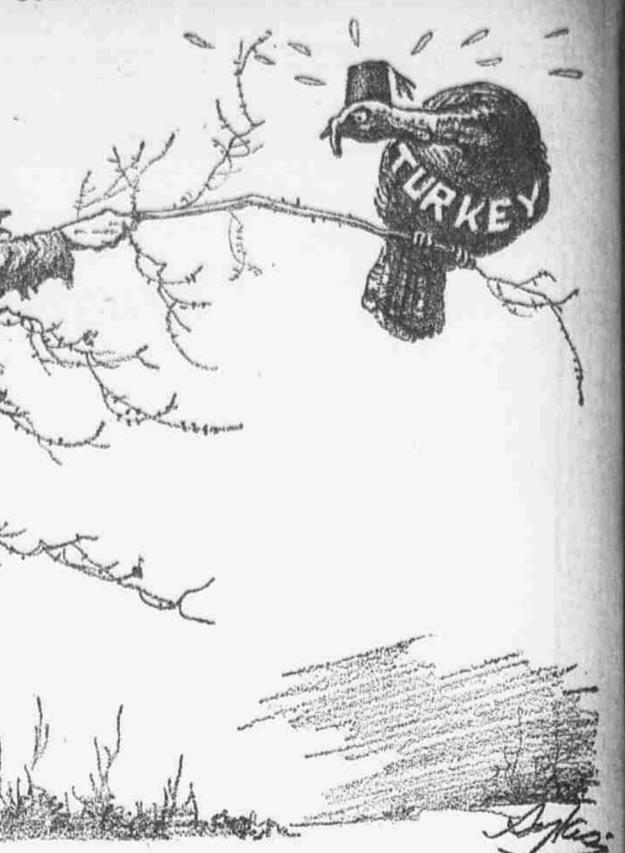
From the Boston Transcript.

The order in council was nothing but a

proclamation, and the importance the public

seems to attach to the document would better

COMES HIGH, BUT—



selected for the costume upon the actual

person who was chosen for it.

His own working plan is most tellingly ex-

pressed in his own words, "Wherever I

needed a pin, I put a pin. I used hundreds

of pins on each dress. Wherever there was

a place to be covered up, I just covered it

up. Seems so natural; that is what hap-

pened when primitive people made dresses,

at last the person stands complete in every

detail, but bristling with pins and asks how

I am to get her out of her garment. This is

where my smartness comes in. I have at

a place—I think of it as I work—and I am

going to cut her out of it. I just leave a

large fold somewhere on each costume. Then

I cut away, and out she—or he—slips, as

all I have to do to complete the costume is

to put a stitch in the place of each pin."

Lawrence Gilman writes enthusiastically of

these two plays in the North American Re-

view (3):

When Androcles and his friend Tommy,

the Lion, walked rapturously off the stage

at the end of the first act of Mr. Granville

Barker's production of Shaw's play, and the

audience burst into a joyous roar of de-

lighted appreciation, Mr. Barker's ambition

and long-awaited surprise was saved. He

was something that was just "good fun,"

fun de luxe to be sure, delightful and finely

flavored and exquisitely adorned fun, yet

something that might be heartily relished

even by the "Castles" if he is not fab-

ulous, he is at least never self-confessed, the

"low-brow."

AN INSIDE GLIMPSE OF THE CASTLES

Curiously enough, the only magazine which

sniffs at the "new stage craft" is the Theatre,

which appreciates "Androcles and the Lion"

with rather hackneyed adjectives, but dis-

misses the "Dumb Wife" with withering

scorn. The Theatre finds a more congenial

object for appreciation in the Castles (4),

and presents a biography of Mrs. Castle writ-

ten by her mother, Elroy Foote:

Mrs. Vernon Castle was born in New Roch-

elle in the same house and home she was

married from, and where I still live. Dr.

Hubert T. Foote was in the office of his father,

Dr. Edward Foote, on Lexington avenue, the

house now owned and occupied by the Vernons

Castles when in town. As to the happiness

and domestic life of the young couple, I have

nothing to say on a subject that should be sacred, but

in justice to my most lovable son-in-law I must

state that their private life leaves little to be

desired.

One summer at the New Rochelle Yacht

Club, Vernon Castle was introduced to Irene

and another page was turned in her life.

On the 25th day of May, 1911, Irene

married to Vernon Castle. Blythe, his

family name, in the bride's home. Vernon

signed a contract for a Revue in a Paris

theatre, and in January my children called

for France. Those were terrible times.

When the production of the Revue was

postponed, funds were exhausted. What

finally the show did open, it was a disappoint-

ment to the public and heart-breaking to the

Castles. Some kind friend invited them to

supper at the Cafe de Paris. Of Irene's wardrobe

nothing fresh remained but her wedding

gown. Donning that, she and her always

maculate husband sallied forth with empty

pockets and stomachs to what was to prove

the turning point in their career. . . .